UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

An Experiment in the Technique of Worship

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

Frederick L. Hosmer: Hymn Writer

By EDWIN D. MEAD

Parables of War and Peace

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

For Mother India:

After Gandhi's Arrest

The Arrest of Gandhi's Successor

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Contents

EDITORIAL— Page
Notes 259
An Experiment in the Technique of Worship—CLARENCE R. SKINNER 261
Jottings—J. H. H. 263

ARTICLES—
Success Through Suffering—*Mahatma Gandhi*. 259
Parables of War and Peace—XII. The Search—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 264
Frederick L. Hosmer: Hymn Writer—EDWIN D. MEAD 264
For Mother India—Two Articles from *Young India*—I. After Gandhi's Arrest 268
II. The Arrest of Gandhi's Successor 268

POETRY—
The Onlookers—BERNICE IRELAND POWELS 263
To the American Flag—KENNETH W. PORTER. 267

THE STUDY TABLE—
Religion and the Modern Mind—EMANUEL STERNHEIM 269

CORRESPONDENCE—
"The Banner of Peace"—HAZEL NILSSON 270
Peace Heroes Commemorated at Niagara Falls—HELEN B. ANTHONY 271
A Correction 271

THE FIELD—
Gandhi Fund 271
"Break the Law" Proclamation of Wets 271
A Pathan's Patriotism—M. 271
Women and Prohibition 272
The Independent Labor Party and India 272

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CV MONDAY, JUNE 23, 1930 NUMBER 17

SUCCESS THROUGH SUFFERING

Success is the result of suffering of the extremist character, voluntarily undergone. I know the dangers attendant upon the method adopted by me. But the country is not likely to mistake my meaning. I say what I mean and think, and I have been saying for the last fifteen years in India, and outside for twenty years more, and repeat now that the only way to conquer violence is through non-violence, pure and undefiled. I have said also that every violent act, word and even thought interferes with the progress of non-violent action. If in spite of such repeated warnings, people will resort to violence, I must disown responsibility save such as inevitably attaches to a human being for the acts of every other human being. But the question of responsibility apart, I dare not postpone action on any cause whatsoever, if non-violence is a force the seers of the world have claimed it to be, and if I am not to belie my own extensive experience of its working.

—Mahatma Gandhi, in his second letter to his Excellency, the Viceroy of India.

The passion for summer vacations and week-end excursions, which has in later years so completely transformed the habit of our city living, undoubtedly has its roots in that ineradicable love of nature which is instinct of the soul. Primitive man was a child of the out-of-doors, and to the original home of wood and sea and sky his latest successor instinctively returns. Mingled with this, also, is a mystic quest of one's own soul, together with an appreciation of the right uses of leisure which is so characteristically a product of our own time. But in this vacation lust of the summertide, this eager desire for escape into the open spaces of the world, there is much that is definitely rebellious. We are seeking not merely to get into the country, but also to get out of the city. For the city in our day, be it large or be it comparatively small, is becoming more and more intolerable to the sensitive soul. The city, too, is ugly—the ugliest thing upon this planet. There are some lovely cities—Edinburgh, Paris, Vienna, Jerusalem—and every city has its lovely vistas; but the typical city, as developed "American style," is a thing to shrivel the heart with sheer horror and disgust. The city, too, is dirty. Steadily we are losing the fight against dust and filth and litter. We are raising a generation content to live in the midst of a welter of debris and waste. This city, also, is noisy—hideously noisy. The roar of engines, the clatter of trucks, the rat-tat-tat of riveting machines, the screams and shouts of radios, make day and night alike an experience of madness. And always, in our cities, there are the crowds—hurrying, hasting, panting, perspiring, milling and miring multitudes of men and women, treading one another down in a confusion which has no beginning and knows no end. Do we wonder that we battle to escape this horror—this sign and symbol of a dying civilization, as Spengler calls it—whenever a Sunday or a holiday comes along? The vacation mania of our summer days is a certain proof that man has discovered within himself a hatred of the city as a thing of death.

President Hoover is to be warmly commended for his resolve to have the London Naval Treaty approved at the regular session of Congress, or else at a special session of the Senate to be summoned immediately after adjournment. This is a sample of initiative, courage and determination, of leadershhip in the best sense of the word, which we could only wish Mr. Hoover had shown more of in recent months. There has been all too much hanging back in the White House, too much waiting upon Congress, too much acquiescence in the decisions and actions of other men. This let-alone policy has been bad enough in other cases, but it would have been fatal in the case of the London Treaty, for this pact is not any too impressive an instrument, its enemies in the Senate are shrewd and cunning if also confessedly weak, delay would give all kinds of opportunity to these men to stir up popular prejudice along the old isolationist lines, and entanglement in the fall elections would almost certainly in the end lead to fatalities. There is no reason in the world why the Senate should not act now, and every reason why it should. Hence the wisdom as well as courage of the President in demanding a show-down! Senator Borah's support of Mr. Hoover in this action is also to be commended, and of course insures not only prompt but favorable action on the Treaty. Senator Johnson may do his worst inside the Senate, and the loathsome Hearst-Chicago *Tribune* combine may do their wickedest outside the Senate. But the result is certain if the senators are held to their job by the President and the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Meanwhile, we call upon all peace-workers to sustain the administration on this issue. The London Treaty is a bitter disappointment; but its defeat by the admirals and their journalistic and patrioteer associates would be not merely a disappointment but a calamity.

Write your senators that the Naval Treaty must be ratified!

We know of few things in the world today more disheartening than the spectacle of the Labor government in London. What has happened to Mr. MacDonald that he should act, or not act, as he does? We can only explain the phenomenon as a kind of creeping moral paralysis of those faculties and powers which have in the past made the English Premier the admired and beloved of all good men. What seems clearly manifest is a growing disinclination to do anything bold, progressive, far-visioned, but rather to sit tight and let the momentum of events take their course. Take Palestine, for example! Is Mr. MacDonald developing any policy there worthy the name of statesmanship? On the contrary, he is saying "No" to the Arabs, and "No" to the Jews, and, by overwhelming the little country with soldiers, armored tanks and military air-planes, is making a desert of human hopes and calling it peace. Again, take India! What is the Prime Minister doing here but maintaining law and order by the might of the policeman's club and the soldier's bayonet? Is there any solution of such questions as vex India today in over-awing a rebellious population by force of arms and cramming jails with such personages as Gandhi, Nehru and Mme. Naidu? Is this policy any more entitled to the claim of statesmanship than the stupid policy of George III in the not yet forgotten days of 1775-1776? Or take the unemployment situation at home! Mr. MacDonald has been in office now more than a year, and nothing has happened but an uninterrupted increase of the number of the jobless in the British Isles. Admittedly, this is the most difficult of all questions. But can it ever be solved by doing nothing? The Labor Party has a drastic program for dealing with this issue! Why is it not put into effect? The answer always is that if Mr. MacDonald did what he wanted to do with this question and others, he would at once be thrown out of office. But is *office* the purpose of English Labor? When was defeat for a good cause not glorious?

The *Literary Digest* poll on Prohibition has been getting some interesting check-ups at the ballot-box. Just when the "wets" were chortling most over what they declared was proof positive in the *Digest* that the mind of the country had at last turned away from the Eighteenth Amendment and all its works, there came a series of primary elections which demonstrated conclusively that, in politics at least, America is as dry as ever. The tests were widely distributed—in the West (Illinois and Iowa), in the South (Florida), and in the dripping East (Pennsylvania). In Iowa, everything and everybody was "dry"—not a "wet" dared to show his head. In Illinois, the "wet" candidate in the Republican primary got so few votes that they were hardly worth counting, while Mrs. McCormick, "dry," marched off with a thumping victory. In Pennsylvania, the Republican "wet" registered an impressive vote, as might have been expected, but his grand total of more than 200,000 suddenly shrank into insignificance when compared with the totals of the other two ("dry") candidates, which amounted to well over 1,200,000, with Gifford Pinchot, ultra-"dry," heading the poll. In Florida, in Representative Ruth Bryan Owen's district, a "dry" victory was to be anticipated, but Mrs. Owen's 4 to 1 margin over her "wet" opponent was far greater than anything forecast by the *Literary Digest* figures. And all this, mind you, after the fiercest drive of "wet" propaganda in the nation's history! We don't wonder that the anti-Prohibitionists, disappointed and desperate, are now yelling louder than ever. It reminds us of the story of Beecher. His daughter complained one Sunday that her father had shouted too loudly in the pulpit that morning. "But I had to shout," said the great preacher. "I had nothing to say!"

There are two sides to the Bishop Cannon story. On the one hand is the fact, which we do not doubt for a single moment, that the "wets" are out to destroy this most conspicuous, able and determined leader of the Prohibition forces. When the Bishop asserted to the Senate committee that he was the victim of deliberate persecution, he was saying only what is true. It is the William H. Anderson story all over again! The "wets" some years ago, it will be remembered, made up their minds to "get" this militant secretary of the New York Anti-Saloon League, no matter what the cost. And they *did* "get" him—on a technical charge of which thousands of business men have been guilty, but which was sufficient in this case to send Mr. Anderson to prison. Now the same tactics are being used against Bishop Cannon. For months he has been the target of investigation, slander, newspaper abuse, and now at last is dragged like a felon before a Senate committee. The order has gone out to all the "wet" forces in the country that Cannon must be destroyed, and destroyed he will be if endless hounding and hunting can do the job. All of which, incidentally, shows the utter poverty of the "wets" in their fight against Prohibition! Having neither facts nor arguments to sustain their disreputable cause, they attack persons. Always the easy thing to do! But there is another side to the Cannon story. Years ago Theodore Roosevelt declared that no man should undertake the dangerous and difficult work of public reform unless his personal record was as "clean as a hound's tooth." Now Bishop Cannon's record is not what it should be in the case of a militant churchman. His stock deals on Wall Street, which, by the way, had nothing remotely to do with the Prohibition issue, were not criminal but certainly were disgraceful. His political activities against Gov. Smith had too little of the moral and too much of the purely

political character. His attitude under inquiry is covert, secretive, disingenuous. And his spirit is unfailingly intolerant and Pharisaical. We despise Bishop Cannon's enemies, and denounce their motives. But we wish the Bishop himself were a different type of man.

Is it an accident, we wonder, that the three greatest spiritual leaders of modern times are all non-resistants—all characterized preeminently by their refusal to recognize and use force? The first of these supreme men of our age is, of course, LEO TOLSTOY, the greatest ethical and spiritual genius of the nineteenth century. The second, without question, is MAHATMA GANDHI. The third we would name is KAGAWA, of Japan. At the heart of the religion of these men, as we have said, is the principle of non-resistance—what Gandhi, recognizing the unfortunate implications of the word "non-resistance," wisely calls "soul-force" in contrast to material force. This uniform attitude may be explained, we suppose, as the reaction of sensitive and idealistic souls against the extreme types of militarism which they have known. Thus, Tolstoy was a kind of inevitable product of Tsaristic Russia, was he not? Gandhi is the rebellious child of the repressive violence of British imperialism. Do we need to do anything more than look at contemporary Japan to understand Kagawa? But is this all that is to be said of these men? Does this philosophy of "conditioned reaction," to quote the lingo of the behaviorists, even begin to explain such souls? On the contrary, we believe that we do not reach the secret of men like Tolstoy, Gandhi, and Kagawa, until we see that they are moved not by rebellion against an outward environment, but by inward conviction of a truth which is the light and leading of their days. These men have discovered, each anew in his own place and circumstance, the universal law of love. As Newton laid hold upon gravitation, and Darwin upon evolution, and Einstein upon relativity, these men have laid hold upon the moral principle—"not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." It is this fact, together with their courage to be true to themselves, which makes these men so great.

An Experiment in the Technique of Worship

The whole problem of worship in a modern church is exceedingly intricate. Questions are being asked on all sides as to the justifiability and reality of the older methods. It is easy to criticize the liturgy which has been in use for some centuries, but it is a far more difficult thing to work out a technique in terms of modern life.

The Boston Community Church was founded about ten years ago and fortunately from the point of view of experiment in worship, it was an entirely new adventure. It was blessed in having no history. While the predominating influences were liberal, there was no theological or liturgical system inherited from the past. The experiment which was carried on in the field of worship is here offered as possibly interesting and suggestive.

The form of worship in this church is thoroughly revised and modernized, so that it is not out of harmony with either the facts or the spirit of modern life. This is a difficult and delicate task, for all the phases of the familiar church service are deeply rooted in the habits of the people, and many feel that a church is not a church unless there is the repetition of the usual ritual, including all its antiquated terminology. No one can deny the beauty and historical justification of much that is retained in the liturgy of some church services, and it is not necessary in this place to enter upon the validity of elaborate symbolism. All of these elements will undoubtedly be utilized for a long time to come; but in this case a sharp break was made with ecclesiastical continuity, and the order of service was given a major operation.

In the first place the invocation or initiation is written anew for each occasion and its object is to state simply and clearly in non-mystical language the purpose of the coming together of the people. One illustration will have to suffice:

> We come to this service to invoke the mood of reverence and worship:—to lift our thoughts in aspiration toward all high and holy aims:—to renew our loyalty to the good, the true and the beautiful:—and to consecrate ourselves again to common service to the common good.

This straightforward statement undoubtedly lacks some of the poetry and historical implications of the familiar words: "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." But it has the advantage of announcing at the outset of the service a modern point of view freed from superstition. Instead of being lulled to quietude or almost drowsiness by the old phrases, one is immediately challenged by the fact that here is a form of invitation to worship founded upon a perfectly rational basis.

The hymns and music are problems not adequately solved, but an attempt is made to modernize as far as possible with the material available. The hymns avoid so far as possible the old ecclesiastical terminology and are for the most part taken from "Social Hymns." Wherever possible new verses are sung to old music, as for instance the popular "Onward Christian Soldiers" is transformed into the modern and stirring words of "Forward Through the Ages." There happen to be two hymn writers in the church who contribute occasional revisions, and much use is made of

the verses of Mr. John Haynes Holmes. Of course some of the old hymns of worship by Whittier and Samuel Longfellow are retained, but a vigorous attempt is made to eliminate such antiquated sentiments as jar on the sensibilities of modernized minds. This church is not satisfied with the answer made by some apologists of the older ecclesiastical order: namely, that people don't know what they are singing anyway, and therefore it doesn't matter what words are used. There is no capitulation in the attempt to make our emotions intellectually respectable.

It will be agreed, however, that the problem of hymnology acutely felt by a large number of churches, cannot be solved in a day by one church. Therefore halting progress is made along these lines.

Symphony Hall contains a magnificent organ used in connection with the Symphony concerts. This instrument played skillfully is a great help in solving the problem of music outside of hymnology and a string quartette presided over by one who is sympathetic with the modernistic ideal contributes greatly to the beauty of the service. The artists occasionally play some of the old ecclesiastical pieces, but for the most part draw on what might be regarded by some as purely secular sources such Tchaikowsky and even Stravinsky. But in the matter of choir music, no attempt has been made at a solution.

So far as the writer has been able to discover, there is no modern substitute for the old Gregorian chants, and for such magnificent expressions of the religious feeling as we find in Handel and Hayden. Perhaps there will never again be a time when the spirit of man is so full of reverence and free from doubt that he can pour out his creative urge in religious art of a Raphael, the ecclesiastical architecture of York Cathedral, or the devotional music of a Handel.

This church has therefore for the most part given up the attempt at a choir, although occasionally Negro and Jewish singers are used by way of variation, along with a few singers of the more conventional type.

But there is nothing suggestive of the surgeon's knife in these; they simply add a picturesque quality and stimulate interest in the music without getting at the root of the tree.

In the matter of the scripture there is ample opportunity for revision and modernization. The readings are by no means confined to the old or new testament but are rather chosen from the entire field of human thought so far as it is in available form and is adapted to the uses of the service. Such sources as the following have been used, outside the field of Biblical Literature: Confucius, Buddha, Hindu writings, Plato, Aristotle, Church Fathers, St. Francis, St. Augustine, the Protestant Reformers, Tolstoy, Lincoln, Gandhi and innumerable others who have voiced the high hopes and common aspirations of mankind.

This gives two greatly desired results. In the first place, the content of the passage read being unfamiliar, it usually holds the close attention of the listener, something which the reading of familiar bible passages frequently does not do. And again it gives breadth and catholicity to the service which the usual lessons do not give. The Bible is not ruled out, nor are other readings forced in. Whatever seems most effective for the particular day is used without prejudice or favor.

The problem of literature is not at all analogous to that of music. There is a wealth of modern material which stimulates not only the highest ethical sentiments, but is also full of the devotional spirit such as Kalil Gibran's poems.

Some churches solve this problem by reading one passage from the Bible and another from a modern source. There can be no harm in this, but the Boston Community Church feels that truth and inspiration are their "own excuse for being" and that no ecclesiastical authority or sanction is necessary for a reading which lifts the spirit, catches fire in men's hearts and reveals some noble reach of imagination.

But of all the perplexities arising out of worship in a thoroughly modernized church, prayer is the most baffling. By some it is considered the *sine qua non* of religion; by others, it is looked upon simply as the most difficult superstition to eradicate from the experience of men. No church can dodge the question of prayer. It must continue its present mode through conviction; it must modify its practice to harmonize with our modern world; or it must eliminate prayer altogether as having no rational and defensible place in the service. The Boston Community Church has taken the second of these possibilities, and has endeavored to substitute a new mode for the older convention. The congregation would not be unanimous regarding the value of the substitute. Some would unquestionably eliminate it altogether, others would retain the older forms, but probably the majority would sustain the present practice.

It is the conviction of the writer that something analogous to prayer must be retained if there is to be a complete and effective service of worship. There must be some outpouring of soul, some lift of spirit in a church if it is to be differentiated from the lecture platform. And probably nothing will accomplish this differentiated purpose more effectively from the ideal point of view than some form of prayer. Ruskin in one of his essays on art observed that every picture should have an "escape into the infinite": and if true of a picture, how much more true of a life?

Probably a Freudian would instantly seize upon this expression "escape" making out a case for the unreality of the process, and the undesirability of the object to be attained. Therefore the phrase "a setting of infinity" or "an opening toward the universal" might more safely pass the psychological censor. But there

should be something to fulfill the function of relating man to that which we grope after under varying names, such as "Source of Life," "Creative Spirit" or "God."

On the other hand, prayer in the older sense of petitioning the Almighty to listen to pleadings of microscopic mortals creeping about on this tiny planet, is becoming less and less tenable in the modern world. Whether this forbodes ill or well is not the problem for present discussion. It seems to be an indisputable fact. Granting the fact, and yet recognizing the need for something analogous to the older form, the leader of the Boston Community Church has endeavored to work out an "aspiration-prayer" which sails between Scylla and Charybdis. Again, one illustration will have to suffice, even though the reader may gain an inadequate impression. A sincere endeavor is made to voice the many deep needs of men, and to lift all the people in their varying states of mind to a common height. The prayer follows:

Recognizing the need of men to withdraw from dull routine and fret of circumstance, let us climb the Alpine heights of the spirit, whence we can draw deeper breath and see wider visions. May we feel the gates of the mind open outward toward the beauty and grandeur of the universe, and may each one of us become larger in stature because he communes with the infinite. We pray that a cosmic consciousness may be born in us that will lift us above the trivial to the great and that will transform our weaknesses into strength. May the sense of this larger fellowship go with us through trial and tribulation, sweetening the bitterness that so easily corrodes, ennobling our aims, giving us power to stand unsurrendered in the midst of temptation.

We pray that in each of our hearts there may be renewed an appreciation of the beautiful until we become so sensitive that we shall see and feel beauty everywhere.

We pray that we shall renew our determination to follow the gleam of truth, even though it take us o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, gaining strength to be true, even when it takes from us comfort and happiness.

We pray, above all, that we shall solemnly dedicate ourselves to the eternal search for the good life and the enduring satisfactions which shall make our days flow like a river, transforming the desert places, blessing the whole family of mankind.

May our hearts know inward peace, and may our hands help to inbrother men of all races, creeds and classes until justice shall cover the earth as waters cover the sea. Amen.

The writer would not claim that this method is the final solution. He knows, however, that many persons who find prayer in the older manner impossible for them, receive inspiration and help from these prayer-aspirations which endeavor to express the age-old yearnings of the human spirit, in such form as to satisfy both the intellect and the emotion.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Jottings

Gandhi—and Grandi! Could two names be more alike? Could two men be more utterly different? Watch these two in the public prints, and discover how far the north pole is from the south.

Premier MacDonald has been reordering his cabinet. It would be much better for his party, his country and the world, if he would reorder his mind.

The President of Cuba has just reduced his own salary from $25,000 to $12,000 a year. We hereby disrespectfully refer this fact to Mayor Walker, of New York, who recently raised his own salary from $25,000 to $45,000 a year.

The English admirals all agree that England was betrayed at the London Naval Congress. The Japanese admirals are all certain that Japan was beaten up and robbed at this same Conference. The American admirals all declare that America was sold out at this same Conference. Here is unanimous and expert opinion that the admirals everywhere were beaten. This is the best thing we have heard about the London Naval Treaty yet!

The return of Carol to Roumania makes us groan. For this of course will mean a new deluge of pictures of Queen Marie the Irrepressible in all the Sunday sections of the newspapers.

DePauw University honored itself on June 9th by giving an Ll.D. degree to Salmon O. Levinson, the father of the Outlawry of War.

J. H. H.

The Onlookers

We are not halt or maimed or blind,
We ask no alms and make no cry;
Yet we might claim your pity, too,
For Life, the Master, has passed us by.

Life, that laid burdens of love on you
And drained the deepest wells of your heart,
Has passed, a bewildering parade,
While dully we wondered and watched apart.

We are the envied you think so free,
In luck to escape life's grave demands,
With money to squander and time to kill—
Yet we are the ones with empty hands.

BERNICE IRELAND POWELS

Parables of War and Peace

XII

The Search

I sought for Hate, that I might lay hold on him and slay him.

First, as to his chosen covert, I sought the trenches, where man fronted his fellow-man, to kill or to be killed. "Here," said I to myself, "of all places in the world, shall Hate be found." But though I searched in mud and filth and reeking flesh, wallowed in blood and slime, sat with grim watchers through the tortured night, listened to cries of wounded from the charge, and scanned the fixed features of the dead in No Man's Land, I saw Him not. Misery was here, and Pain and Weariness, with Courage, Cheerfulness, and Hope—a motley company. But nowhere Hate!

Then went I to the hospital, to look on men blinded, deaf and dumb—men armless, eyeless, jawless—men who were no longer men. "Surely," I said, "Hate here may find a home." But though I sat with Agony by day, and followed Terror as he moved by night from ward to silent ward, and though I greeted Death by many an awful bed, I saw Him not. And when at last I asked of orderly and nurse, I learned that Hate had never crossed the threshold of this house.

I bethought me of one place more—the headquarters of the armies. "Here," I said, "where plans are laid for slaughter, shall I meet Hate." So I sat with officers who talked of battle as a game, cities as checkered squares, and men as pawns. Hour after hour I watched by the map-littered table and the clicking telegraph. Wisdom I saw full often, Patience and stolid Determination; sometimes Pride entered, with Envy and Ambition. But never Hate. I waited, waited for His coming—but in vain!

Disappointed I left the realms of war, and came to lands distant over seas. I walked on quiet country roads, beside green pastures and still waters, that I might rest me from my quest, and see no more the things which I had seen. And on a day I came to a little nook beneath great trees, which tempered the warm light of the westering sun, and sheltered happy birds. And there seated about a little table, white with linen and polished silver, and fragrant with lilac blooms, I saw a curate, a childless matron, an old, old man—and one other, black as night and terrible as hell. I had found Hate.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Frederick L. Hosmer: Hymn Writer*

Frederick Lucian Hosmer was born in Framingham, Massachusetts, in 1840. He was the greatest hymn writer of the past generation. No other body of hymns in his time has equalled his in spiritual depth and insight, in lofty aspiration, literary beauty and wide range. It was in 1872 that he removed from Massachusetts to the West, his first western parish being in Quincy, Illinois. His ministries ever after, and therefore through nearly two-thirds of his life, were in the West. He went to the West because he was radical and a pioneer and felt that there was more need for religious teaching such as his in the West than in New England. But his love for the old homes and the New England historical and literary traditions was profound; and his visits to Massachusetts were always as joyful as his welcomes were warm.

The Massachusetts places with which his life was associated were beautiful places. Outside of Boston, Cambridge and Dorchester, so closely associated with his education, they comprised a charming group of four old Worcester County towns, Framingham, Lancaster, Bolton and Northboro. He was a farmer's boy; and the Framingham farm is now almost skirted by the railroad from Boston to Worcester, which was only just coming into being in his boyhood. His father died while the son was at college. His mother lived until the year after his installation in his first church, the old church at Northboro. She sat beside him, proud and grateful, on that solemn occasion, which meant as much to her as to him; for she had been his great inspirer always and earnestly devoted to the best education of himself and his two younger brothers. Her death was the first great sorrow of his life, and in his many beautiful references to motherhood in his verses we catch the sense of tender personal memory.

Framingham was always very dear to him; in the old churchyard there his ashes fittingly repose. He was a graduate of the Framingham High School and it is recorded that he won a prize for a poem which he wrote there, probably his first essay in versification. After his graduation, he taught a district school for a year in Lancaster, which was the home of his mother's people. After his college course at Harvard he taught school for two years in beautiful old Bolton, next to Lancaster, and the memory of it is still cherished there. Still undecided whether he would enter the ministry, he then became for two years principal of the Adams grammar school in Dorchester. In his later years Dorchester was the home of his brother and his own happy headquarters during his Massachusetts visits. He greatly enjoyed the schoolmaster's life and would doubtless have been quite happy in it if he had made it his permanent vocation, so deep was his concern for education and so warm his sympathies with childhood and youth. But he rightly elected the life of the preacher; and four years after his graduation from Harvard College he entered the Harvard Divinity School.

Among the young men with him at the Divinity School was Charles W. Wendte, who from that time to his death was his close personal friend, in the last years living beside him in Berkeley, and since his death giving us such tender and illuminating reminiscences. Harking back to the Divinity School days, he says that Hosmer was "the one among our little group of students to whom I was most attracted. He was the best

*Editor's Note: Dr. Hosmer, America's greatest hymn-writer, and one of the great hymn-writers of all time, died in Berkeley, California, just a year ago this month. This article by one of Dr. Hosmer's lifelong friends is printed in grateful memory of a true poet and seer, and one of UNITY's oldest and staunchest friends.

liked student at the school, and his room was the favorite gathering place, where, under his genial influence, the men were brought together in friendly fashion, high themes were discussed, witty discourse held, and innocent mischief incubated. There was a ferment in the religious thought of New England at that day, induced largely by the Transcendental movement and the dawn of the Evolution theory. The young men at the school were deeply affected by it, and Hosmer like the others shared in the radical tendencies of the time."

In his final summing up, expressing the esteem and affection which had steadily grown through the long life, Mr. Wendte says:

Pure-minded, conscientious and spiritual, throughout the long and intimate acquaintance I cannot recall an instance in which he lapsed from the highest standards of personal integrity and honor, in either speech or conduct. Appreciative of the merits of others and charitable toward their failings, with amiable bearing toward all sorts and conditions of men, where truth or principle was involved he was firmness itself, and would not make the slightest concession either for his own worldly advantage or to gratify others. He had his strong likes and dislikes, and instinctively shrank from all that was low-minded and insincere. He had a genius for friendship, and few men of his circle have been more appreciated and loved. Courteous, witty and considerate, he was a delightful companion and ever welcome guest. Nature blessed him with an optimistic, sunny disposition and a rare sense of humor, which lubricated the ways of life for him and was the delight of his friends. Few men have more enjoyed life in all of its manifestations, the beauty of the world, the society of men and women, and the converse of the soul with its Maker and its God. A natural believer, he was unable to look long on the dark side of life. God gave him a devout and cheerful spirit, to which religious trust and reverence were as natural as breathing. He cared little for dogmatic and ecclesiastical distinctions except where those involved essential principles of faith and conduct, finding edification in all religious services where truth was sought and goodness cherished. At once a radical thinker and a religious mystic, his imagination and love soared above the limitations of earthly symbols into intimate and rapt contemplation of the Infinite and Immanent Spirit which is above and in all, the transcendent and indwelling life of the universe, whose highest manifestation to us is the soul of man.

Mr. Wendte recalls that in the development of his thought and its expression Hosmer was much influenced, as were so many others of his time, by Robertson of Brighton. He notes, what is of course everywhere obvious, that he owed more to Emerson than to any other intellectual influence. We recall his beautiful poem written for the Emerson Centennial in 1903.

All ministries that wait on man
His soul receptive learned to know;
The stream that through his meadow ran
Ran double with a mystic flow.

Along the plain familiar way
Fresh truth from living wells he drew;
In life, in nature, night and day,
The glory of the One broke through.

Four times he went to Europe, the first time in 1877, just before his Cleveland pastorate, for a year and a half of travel and study; but although Mr. Wendte tells us that his letters were filled with the joy of this experience, next to nothing of it is reflected in his verse. The little poem, "In the Albula Pass" might as well have been written elsewhere as in the Canton Grissons, and is chiefly a communion with his own soul such as might have fitted a New England brookside.

I leave the cares that weighed me down,
The heat and burden of the plain;
I feel the strengthening of the hills,
And drink the wine of youth again.

I turn me from the happy stream,
All bright the years before me lie;
The mountains sink as up I climb,
And nearer grows the widening sky.

An American counterpart of this is the beautiful poem, "A Day in October" (Michigan, 1892), which is a spiritual communion with Nature, such as Gannett might have written as well.

And all my separate senses seem
To be but passive keys,
Whereon she plays her world-old theme
To wondrous harmonies.

The beautiful lines on Rembrandt were suggested by the portrait of Rembrandt's mother in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. The poem is chiefly a thought of the sacredness and sacrifice of motherhood stirred by the face; but the last lines are this noble tribute to the painter.

O mighty Master! Shakespeare of the brush!
Interpreting to eye, as he to ear,
The story of earth's passion and its strife—
Thy genius caught the new day's morning flush,
Saw glory in the common and the near,
And on immortal canvas gave us life!

His first pastorate was that of the old First Church in Northboro. The installation service expressed his typical aversion to anything which emphasized ecclesiasticism. It was simply congregational, the officials of the society itself welcoming him to the charge. The ordination sermon was by Dr. Bartol of the old West Church in Boston. The Northboro life was a happy one. He loved the people, and they loved him; and there was an affectionate relation between him and the venerable ex-pastor, Dr. Allen. He often returned in later years to visit the old town; and his life there and the historic church are commemmorated in his beautiful poem, "The Village Meeting House," as well as in other verses. Indeed, there was no church to which he ministered with which some hymn of his is not associated. His relations to his churches, as to his friends and their fortunes, were peculiarly tender, and there are many personal and congregational poems of occasion in the volume of his verse.

It was with reluctance that he left Northboro and New England for the West; but he did it in obedience to his sense of duty and the larger interests of liberal religion. He received repeated calls afterwards from important New England parishes; but he had made his election, and in the West he worked to the end, his four successive churches being at Quincy, Cleveland, St. Louis and Berkeley, his western homes always places of pilgrimage for visitors from Boston and New England.

There is perhaps no other body of men and women in the country to whom the life of Frederick Hosmer means so much as to the readers of UNITY. This paper was the organ of his thought and his endeavors from its founding until his last years. Jenkin Lloyd Jones was one of his closest friends; and Hosmer and Gannett were peculiarly the brothers of Jones' inner circle. Jones and Gannett published together a little volume of their sermons; and Hosmer and Gannett published together their hymns and poems, "The Thought of God." Hosmer and Gannett also, with James Vila Blake, prepared jointly that rare hymnal, "Unity Hymns," which was so widely used in the western

Unitarian churches during the period when these prophetic men were working together.

Prophetic men they were; and they belonged to a rare circle of prophetic men. Among their associates in western Unitarianism in that vital time were Charles W. Wendte, Henry M. Simmons, John C. Learned, Jabez T. Sunderland, John W. Effinger and George Willis Cooke. They constituted for ten or twenty years a distinct "school" in American Unitarianism. The authorities at the Boston headquarters were sometimes a little jealous of them and a little apprehensive as to whither they were tending. Denominationalism in their churches was reduced to the lowest terms; yet there was among them a singularly close fellowship. They were all radicals, all Transcendentalists, all disciples of Emerson and Theodore Parker. They were as reverent as they were radical, as averse to a crass rationalism as to a dull and dead traditionalism, men of rare spirituality and devoutness, prophets of poetry, and promoters of culture in their communities, some of them keen philosophical thinkers. Jones was their bishop; Gannett was the gifted poet; Hosmer was the great hymn writer, and in his inspired hymns their consecration and aspiration found their memorable lyric expression.

Hosmer's powers and influence were at their zenith during his ministry at Cleveland in the eighties. He went to Cleveland after a Unitarian congregation had been gathered there, holding its services in a hall; but the strong Cleveland church as it was afterwards known to us was his creation. He was at Cleveland fourteen years. The beautiful church building remembered by many was erected through his efforts; and the church became a distinct religious and intellectual force in the community. Cleveland was then more than now a New England city; its leading families were of Massachusetts and Connecticut antecedents and associations. The agitation had begun for the removal of Western Reserve College to Cleveland from Hudson; and throughout Hosmer's Cleveland ministry talk went on of the transfer there of the Meadville Theological School, Chicago not having then been thought of as its possible destination. Hosmer was a magnet that drew to the church a rare body of the best men and women of the city, with an influence radiated to all thoughtful circles and progressive movements. His closest clerical friend in the town was Philip S. Moxom, the young pastor of the leading Baptist church, destined to a brilliant and useful career soon afterwards in Boston. There were lectures as well as sermons from the pulpit; and the Unity Club carried on studies of the finest character in religion, literature and history. Hosmer's rare talent both as a preacher and a pastor, his genius and his geniality, his wit and wisdom, his seriousness and merriment, his sympathy and personal charm, all then and there in such full flower, made the Cleveland period of his ministry a marked chapter, which all who were a part of it or touched it remember with gratitude, with admiration and with joy.

It was in the Cleveland period that his power as a hymnwriter so rapidly developed and disclosed itself to the liberal religious world. It disclosed itself as the years went on to the whole thoughtful world. His mind and spirit were so broad that his hymns have found their way into the hymnals of all churches both in America and England. They are all included in the little volume, "The Thought of God in Hymns and Poems" by Hosmer and Gannett. It may be doubted whether there is elsewhere contained in so brief compass so much of modern religious vision and uplift. As would be expected, the Unitarian hymnal contains a larger number of Hosmer's hymns than any other church collection. There are in that collection more of his hymns than those of any other American writer. There are seventeen by Whittier, twenty-seven by Samuel Longfellow, and thirty-four by Hosmer. These hymns, and they are not all, show the broad compass of his thought and feeling, from the devout inwardness of the mystic to the trumpet call of the reformer burning with zeal for a consecrated church, a loftier patriotism, and a friendlier and better ordered world.

In illustration of the wide range of their appeal, Mr. Wendte states that one of his hymns was sung at the dedication of one of the new cathedrals of the Church of England; that two Roman Catholic churches, one of them in Canada, recently made the same use of his hymns; that St. Martin's in the Fields in London has included several of his hymns in its Sunday afternoon service book; and that an earnest Presbyterian minister, not long ago devoted an evening service to Hosmer's hymns, with copies distributed among the congregation.

Hosmer's inspired and profound hymns of personal religion, "The thought of God," "Go not my soul in search of Him," "We pray no more, made lowly wise," "I came not hither of my will," "O thou in lonely vigil led," "O prophet souls of all the years," "Not always on the mount," "I cannot think of them as dead," "Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow," and a score of similar hymns, are so familiar and make so strong an appeal to the human heart, that some have thought his hymns lacked objectivity and did not deal with the outward and social life. Mr. Wendte notes this feeling, and even quotes Gannett as sharing it in a measure and wondering whether, as we come towards hymns of social action, we do not touch the necessary limitation of "hymns" as such, although recognizing that the deed, the social element, must come into the hymnbooks.

There is danger here of misunderstanding Hosmer's genius and his range. He himself, we read, mildly demurred at certain criticism in the direction noted, pointing among others of his hymns to that beginning

> From age to age they gather,
> All the brave of heart and strong;
> I can see their gleaming banner
> I can hear their triumph song.

He might have pointed to many such hymns; and they multiplied with the years. Indeed such hymns altogether have multiplied, because the social interpretation and imperative of Christianity are steadily assuming greater and more urgent place. Heber's two greatest hymns are of this character; many of Whittier's hymns are instinct with it. Hosmer's feeling that Christ's gospel meant at its center the establishment of God's kingdom on earth grew ever stronger in his later years of production; and in nothing was this so marked as in his growing dread of the war system and his devotion to the cause of world order and peace. I speak with feeling, because it was our frequent theme; but the hymns speak for themselves.

His hymn on "The Uncreated Law" (1911), in the meter of Luther's *"Ein Feste Burg,"* is a summons

to the nation to prepare the way for God's kingdom on earth:

It flameth in the Spirit's sky,
To every soul appealeth;
It holds the keys of destiny,
The nations' doom it sealeth.
It casteth down the proud,
Uplifts the poor and bowed,
Overwhelms the wrong in night,
With victory crowns the right:
And it shall rule forever!

"The Prophecy Sublime" was written in 1904, between the two Hague Conferences:

Thy kingdom come, O Lord,
Wide circling as the sun;
Fulfil of old thy word
And make the nations one.

Till rise in ordered plan
On firm foundations broad
The commonwealth of man,
The city of our God!

Two years after the second Hague Conference appeared his hymn on "The New-World's Prophecy":

O blest the souls that see and hear
The things of God today revealed,
Of old to longing saint and seer
Within the future closely sealed:

The stir of nations near and far,
The wakened hearts that beat as one,
The flow of peace, the ebb of war,
The passing night, the risen sun!

At the same time with the "New-World's Prophecy," he wrote the stirring hymn, "Hear, O Ye Nations," written for the National Peace Congress at Chicago in 1909:

Hear, hear, O ye nations, and hearing obey
The cry from the past and the call of today!
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.

Lo, dawns the new era, transcending the old,
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal
To service of all in a world's commonweal.

The last lines of this hymn are an appeal to America to take the place to which her history and high tradition command her:

Arise to the place thou art given to fill,
And lead the world—triumph of peace and goodwill!

Only as the nation hears the call of today and reveres the prophetic in its past is it true to itself. This is the burden of the hymn, "A People Blest of God":

Lift high the song of praise,
O Nation grown in power;
Hold fast through good and evil days
Thy glorious dower:
The age-long hope fulfil
New-quickened at thy birth;
Thy strength thy God, whose righteous will
Rules heaven and earth.

"A Century of Peace" was written for a conference at the Unitarian Church in Montreal in 1917.

Across a century's borderline
Unmarked by frowning fort or sign,
Today as one, with differing name,
A kindred heritage we claim.

Blest be the Providence that bore
Our fathers to this New World shore,
And trained a vigorous stock to be
Upbuilders of democracy.

"All America," he urges and prophesies, "shall own the harvest from their planting," till the continents shall be no more divided.

And through all lands beneath the sun
The severed nations meet as one!

The same spirit of universal brotherhood pervades "The City of God," the hymn written for the International Religious Congress at Boston in 1907:

The separating seas are crossed,
Each heart is understood of each;
On this our Day of Pentecost
Fade out the lines of race and speech.

A yet nobler and more memorable hymn in the same strain in "One Law, One Life, One Love," written for the World Parliament of Religions in 1893:

The ancient barriers disappear,
Down bow the mountains high;
The sea-divided shores draw near
In world-wide unity.

So many hymns are there of this character and purpose, in the service of the fraternity and co-operation of mankind, that Hosmer may with warrant be numbered among the laureates of the great movement of our time for world unity and peace.

Yet this should not be the last word. It is true that he was not primarily the poet of patriotism, of internationalism, of social reform. Profoundly moved by these, the consecrated servant of all, he was first and always the poet of personal religion, the friend and helper of those who live in the spirit. His deepest and abiding thought was not of the nation nor the family of nations, but of the soul and God, of the transcendental realm which lies behind and above all that is seen, and abides as nations rise and fall. No man saw more clearly nor felt more deeply that the things which are seen are temporal and the things not seen are eternal. His sympathy for every soul of man was quick and tender, and nothing human was foreign to him; but his conversation was in Heaven, and he saw this world ever as a precinct of the eternal world. It was not a newspaper which lay on the table beside him as the feeble days wore on, but the Bible and the hymnbook. They were his vernacular; and if his voice could reach us from the eternity which he had already inhabited so long, it would be to charge us to balance better between small and great, between what is passing and what endures forever.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

To the American Flag

I thought I saw the Red and Blue
Run, and obscure the White.
In purple arrogance it flew,
Flag of imperial might.

I dreamed that dipped in blood and tears
In Freedom's dying-pan,
Crimson it flew through all the years
In Brotherhood of Man.

KENNETH W. PORTER.

For Mother India

[Two articles from Gandhi's paper, Young India]

I

After Gandhi's Arrest

It is now over a week since Gandhiji was arrested. There could be no stronger proof of the guilty conscience of the Government than that it has not this time dared to face the exposure that a public trial would have involved. This is not the first time that a Government based an on immoral foundation has found the activity of a man of God, a man of uncompromising truth and integrity, to be dangerous to its existence. The forces of reaction found even Socrates and Christ to be "dangerous" and dealt with them as the present British Government have with Gandhiji, with what result all the world knows. Socrates and Christ insisted on proclaiming the truth, on exposing all hypocrisy and sham wherever found. The epitome of Gandhiji's offence was that he rendered it impossible for the Government to cajole the people into accepting anything less than their full birthright, viz., Complete Independence. He could not be silenced so he had to be shut up. Whatever other effect his arrest may produce it should serve to drive the last nail in the coffin of the ill-fated Round Table Conference.

It is well with Gandhiji. He has earned the rest which he so badly needed. But what about others? By jailing Gandhiji the Government has jailed the soul and honor of India. That is not an effront which a self-respecting nation can take lying down. One of the reasons given by the Bombay Government for Gandhiji's arrest was that Patels and Talatis were resigning in ever increasing numbers rendering administration difficult. They should now resign in a body all over Gujarat rendering administration impossible. Let people wherever they have the grit follow Bardoli's lead and see that not a pie of land revenue is paid until and unless Gandhiji himself or the Sardar asks them to pay it. Let the foreign cloth merchants and liquor dealers rise equal to the occasion and of their own accord abjure a profession which spells the ruination of the country and thereby render picketing of their shops unnecessary, setting the women free for greater sacrifices for the Motherland. That is the least that we must do.

But that is not all. It is clear from the reports of repression that are pouring in from all quarters that having removed one after another almost all prominent Satyagrahi workers, who constituted the strongest guarantee for peace and non-violence, the Government is now bent upon following a policy that would either break the spirit of the people or goad them into madness. Acts have been done by the police in Viramgam during the last few days that for sheer vindictiveness and cold-blooded brutality surpass anything that has happened in recent civilized history. Absolutely peaceful resisters were surrounded, subjected to the tortures of thirst 'till some of them fainted, made victims of indecent assaults and beaten 'till they were rendered senseless. And all this because they would not voluntarily surrender a few annas worth of contraband salt in their possession. Even women who had come on a mission of mercy of supplying water to the thirsty volunteers were not spared and were treated to *lathis* and filthy abuse by the mounted police who drove their horses among them knocking them down. . . .

There is a remarkable passage in Romans XI in which Paul describes how Elijah pleaded with God against Israel "Lord they have killed Thy prophets, they have demolished Thine altars; I alone am left and they seek my life." And the Divine answer came "I have left myself seven thousand men who have not bowed the knee to Baal." True, the number of those who set out with Gandhiji to Dandi is nearer seventy than seven thousand. But if they have the fire of truth and *ahimsa* burning clear in them it will, in the end, be well with them, the cause and the country.

If the first handful of dough is consecrated
So is the rest of the lump,
If the root is consecrated
So are the branches.

II

The Arrest of Gandhi's Successor

The arrest of Sjt. Abbas Tyebji, the Grand Old Man of Gujarat, and his companions at Karadi Camp on the morning of the 12th has hardly come as a surprise to anybody. In fact it was fully expected. The final preparations for the march at Karadi Camp were completed in an atmosphere tense with excitement. Six motor loads of armed policemen with the District Collector and the District Superintendent of Police had left Surat on the day before. On the night of the 11th a notice was served on Sjt. Abbas Tyebji inviting him to "reconsider before it was too late" the "serious nature and consequences of the course on which he proposed to embark and warning him that the Government were "resolved to stop the commission of the said offence by all the necessary means." To this Sjt. Tyebji replied thanking the Magistrate for his courtesy, but intimating to him that there could be no alteration of a program which they had undertaken after the fullest consideration and to carry out which they regarded as their highest duty. The sight of his venerable white beard it would seem touched the heart of Mr. Kothawala, the Deputy Superintendent of Police, who had come with the order. "Why should you put yourself to this hardship at this time of your life?" he remarked to Sjt. Tyebji. Sjt. Tyebji, who knew the grandfather of Mr. Kothawala intimately, playfully replied, "You youngsters think that you have the sole monopoly of all big undertakings," and then affectionately stroking him on the back of the neck added, "I am eagerly waiting to see when you yourself will come forward to take your place by our side."

On the morning of the 12th the Satyagrahis rose as usual at 4 a. m. with the ringing of the prayer bell. Sjt. Abbas poured forth his heart in a moving prayer which was to this effect:

In thy name O God we launch forth today. Give us strength to go on, to endure all sufferings with a smiling countenance and a heart singing forth Thy praise. Illumine us with Thy wisdom and purge our heart of all ill will and hatred. Let not a single unworthy act stain our record. Guide our opponents also into the right path, and bless them and bless our undertaking for it is Thy promise that the cause of righteousness and truth always triumphs.

A few minutes before six the volunteers all fell into line ready for the march. Mrs. Gandhi put the *kumkum* mark on the old Abbas Saheb's forehead, and garlanded him, and punctually at 6:00 a. m. the march commenced with the singing of the *Vaishnavajan* hymn and the reciting of Ramanama. "It was a most solemn

spectacle" writes an eye witness, "to see this Grand Old Man with his flowing snow-white beard marching at the head of the column and keeping pace, in spite of his three score and sixteen years, with the youngest in the party, while Ba like the incarnation of Mother India walked by his side." He resisted all the requests of friends and companions to get into a motor car and insisted on doing the journey on foot.

The party had marched for a furlong and had just got on to the high road after traversing some fields when it was confronted by Mr. Braham, the District Magistrate, Mr. Antia, the District Superintendant of Police with a party of 400 policemen armed with rifles and *lathis*. The latter immediately surrounded Sjt. Abbas Tyebji and the party, forming a cordon round them. The District Magistrate then addressing the Satyagrahis declared them to be an unlawful assembly and ordered them to disperse. He further declared that if anybody wanted to withdraw he could still do so. This announcement only drew a loud chorus of "None, none" from the Satyagrahis. "I shall then have to arrest you," declared the Magistrate. "Do it by all means," replied Sjt. Tyebji, and then pointing to the *lathis* with which the police were armed he observed, "you can use them too if you like." "No, we have no such intention." replied the D. S. P. Mr. Antia then asked Sjt. Tyebji whether he was "ready." To this Abbas Saheb replied in the affirmative as he bade a touching farewell to Ba and Mrs. Tyebji.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Sjt. Abbas Tyebji was succeeded by Mme. Naidu as the head of the *Satyagrahi* forces. The account of her later arrest will be published in these columns as soon as received from India.]

The Study Table

Religion and the Modern Mind

While the fight of the embattled Humanists goes merrily on, there is a simultaneous outpouring of books dealing with the same problems from a number of different angles and it is one of the heartening signs of the day. Some of these books are coming from professional religionists who seem not to be completely satisfied with the *status quo*. The two books* reviewed in this brief article are of this type. They are so closely aligned that it is best to deal with them in one review.

The first is "Religion and the Modern Mind," which is a symposium of articles on religion compiled by Charles C. Cooper, Head Resident, Kingsley House, social settlement in Pittsburgh. The book discusses religion from a number of different angles. Dr. Harry E. Barnes discusses it from the standpoint of Agnosticism, Dr. Heber D. Curtis from the standpoint of Science, Dr. Edward S. Ames from the standpoint of Psychology, Dr. M. R. Gabbert from the standpoint of Philosophy, Dr. John L. Elliott from the Ethical Culture standpoint, Dr. Samuel H. Goldenson from the standpoint of Judaism and Bishop Francis J. McConnell from the standpoint of Christianity. The addresses which interest me most are those of Dr. Elliott, Dr. Goldenson, and Dr. McConnell, and perhaps that of Dr. Cooper himself which he calls an "Adventure in Religion." This is interesting because he pleads for a spiritual renaissance. Possibly the least interesting is that of Dr. Barnes, which seems to your reviewer to be extremely superficial, dealing with the mechanics of the situation rather than with the fundamental issues involved. Your reviewer is in no special conflict with Dr. Barnes's position, but would suggest that its Agnosticism is purely destructive. There is, of course, a place for destructive Agnosticism in these days, but it does not fit very well into the picture of constructive idealism which is the dominant note of all the other problems. It is impossible to discuss these addresses in detail and it does not seem that Dr. Curtis does more than re-state the admirable conclusion of Eddington and Jean and others. Your reviewer is more interested in the position of the three avowed religionists, and these are most interesting because of their striking unanimity in regard to essentials. Dr. Elliott speaks, in effect, as follows:

> Notwithstanding the reverence which I have for the old religions, I yet believe that we must come to be religious in another and a deeper way. A new spiritual ideal must find its expression in family life, in industry, and among the nations, and this spiritual ideal will recognize the importance of difference equally with unity. I believe that the socialized idea of the divine has the power not alone to fulfill the aspirations of the past, but also to create a new sanctity in the future. It is this socialized idea of the divine which the ethical movement is attempting to realize and cherish in the world.

Dr. Goldenson puts it thus:

> To the modern mind Judaism says very simply—as long as man suffers from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune caused by man's unhumanity to man, as long as the human heart craves for enlargement and suffers from thwarted purposes and unfulfilled ideals, as long as there is a craving for beauty and truth and goodness, men will seek to find appropriate ways of thought and action to compass these cherished ends, and in doing so he will always want to feel that there is something in the universe that will support him in his efforts and sustain him in his difficulties as he marches to the goal. The self-discipline needed for the task and the faith and confidence in the support that lies within and behind the universe, these together spell religion, and I believe always will.

This concluding thought, expressed in the language of the Psalmist and given in the spirit of counsel is, "Offer the sacrifices of righteousness and trust in the Lord." Trust in the Lord for what? To give to such a way of life universal meaning and cosmic support and to such moral and spiritual endeavor, social sanction and personal peace.

Bishop McConnell expresses it even more briefly and beautifully thus:

> The great heretic, in the teaching of Jesus, was the rich man whose heresy consisted in having the wrong place, or no place at all, for Lazarus. The deadliest sin, from the point of view of the Gospels, is greed, and it is the victory over greed that true Christianity always sets itself to win.

There is a striking unanimity in these utterances which bids us hope for the spiritual renaissance for which Dr. Cooper pleads in his opening address.

Priestley once said speaking of Meredith that, "He was a great writer because he was not a great man." Sometimes it seems that this is true of our modern religionists. They write better than they act. This is not true of Bishop McConnell for whose sociological and religious position your reviewer has the greatest admiration, but it does seem true of most religious leaders. This remark logically leads to the

*Religion and the Modern Mind, by Charles C. Cooper. Harper Bros., N. Y. City. $2.00

*Do the Churches Dare? by Chauncey J. Hawkins. McMillan Co., N. Y. City. $1.50.

second book under discussion, "Do The Churches Dare?" Your reviewer feels that the logical answer is, *No*. Hence the furious struggle with Lipmann, Haydon et al.

Dr. Hawkin's book is a stimulating one for he evidences a profound knowledge of theology on the one hand and of its relations to what he calls emergent evolution on the other hand. The plea that he makes is a noble one, but it seems to be minimized in its value by the fact that he does not make clear what he means by the churches.

If he means the organized churches, I am a little afraid that the answer to his question is a very definite, *No*. If he means to make his appeal to the emancipated or even partly emancipated influence in all the churches, there may be a possibility of an affirmative answer.

It is one of the heartening things, as has been said before in this article, that there is a growing sentiment in favor of crystallizing the new spirit in regard to religion in terms of practice, but it is disheartening to find at the same time that the institutional churches seem to be as involved as ever in the morass of fundamentalist dogma. It is true that it is becoming more and more fashionable for clergymen to enter into the modern school, but one wonders at times whether they are the most successful clergymen. Many of them are as individuals, but one is tempted to exclaim of each one of them that he is *"sui generis."* They are not. They are merely more successful exponents of a constantly growing sentiment. Nevertheless it is questionable whether one can bring about faith by preaching doubt. The dominant illustration is of course the failure of Unitarianism in its more orthodox forms. The real Unitarian is suffering from pernicious anemia. The conforming Unitarian is usually seeking social status or relief from boredom. Neither position tends to virility. One would very much like Dr. Hawkins to re-state what he means by churches. The institutional church has invariably set itself against progress and the individual clergyman of every sect and creed in our modern life is ahead of the pew both in his theology and in his sociology. Until some *via media* can be found to reconcile the pew with the pulpit in progress, especially of religion, the churches as such will tend to think there is no merit in Humanism on the one hand or the fidelity of men like Goldenson and Bishop McConnell in an effort to bring their own respective faiths into line with the new faith which the scientists are giving us through Eddington and Jeans.

Nevertheless both of these books are well worth earnest consideration by all who are interested in that hopeful discontent with the *status quo* which is the dominant and happy sign of the times.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

Correspondence

"The Banner of Peace"

Editor of UNITY:

Regarding "The Banner of Peace" by Nicholas Roerich printed in UNITY May 19, 1930. How long, oh, how long are we of this world to think of "things," material things, always plan how to protect "things" before we take action to protect lives. Roerich says "errors in this or any other form may be repeated and other precious milestones of human achievement can be destroyed."

I say let them be destroyed! If this world we call civilized has not learned anything in all these years of so-called Christianity, if we have not yet learned how much more value human lives are than "things," let us lose our "things." What does a grief-stricken mother care about a perfectly preserved museum full of mummies, for instance, if her son has been sacrificed in preserving it?

"Protect treasures of art," yes! by all means. But where are there any treasures of art to be compared to the perfect treasures of art that are used as cannon fodder? Protect all these treasures with a "Banner of Peace" and preserve them all, every last soul.

Oh! to have the gift of John Haynes Holmes, to write as he does. His "Parables of War and Peace," are living pictures.

(Mrs.) HAZEL NILSSON.

Arlington Heights, Mass.

Peace Heroes Commemorated at Niagara Falls

Editor of UNITY:

You will see from the enclosed clippings that we have successfully held in Niagara Falls the second Peace Heroes Memorial Service. While we have "taken our cue" from Cincinnati, you will note that our service as worked out is quite different from any held anywhere else, so far as I know.

As a result of the first service of the kind which I promoted "out of the air"—so to speak—the participants voted to organize the Niagara Peace Council which has as members representatives from different religious and social groups in the city. Membership is on the basis of one dollar a year paid either by an individual or by an organization for its representative. We have successfully held monthly meetings with the following subjects discussed:

"The Concrete Problem Before Great Britain and the United States," presented by one of the members, a college man interested in current events.

"Education and Peace," by a Presbyterian minister, veteran of the World War, and teacher of History in the High School; and "Militarizing Our Youth" by a Y. W. C. A. secretary.

"The Psychology of Nationality," by the Unitarian minister, Robert B. Day.

"The Present Situation in Palestine," by a charming Syrian woman lecturer.

A. Fenner Brockway, British M. P., at a dinner meeting, on "The No More War Movement."

"Afro-American Problems," by a Buffalo lawyer, formerly professor of history in Virginia Union University—Negro.

"The World Court," by Professor of History from State Teachers College, Buffalo.

Tucker P. Smith, executive secretary of the Committee on Militarism in Education, on "Why Men Fight."

Is that not a fairly good program, considering only "dollar dues" in a small city?

As the president of this organization of intelligent men and women, I make a point of opening each program with a quotation which will set the tone of the discussion. Most of these quotations have been the inspirational verses and paragraphs from UNITY. You will note also, that the poem read by the colored woman on the program of the Peace Heroes Memorial Service is the combination of the two poems printed in UNITY last year and clipped for the purpose.

I am writing you thus at length because I know you will rejoice with us, and if you know of any speakers coming this way who would give us their time, you will tell them about us.

Also, I want to let you know at least once a year that whatever creative work of this kind I accomplish, it is due to the inspiration of your leadership in my life personally. Confined by circumstances to a community where one is starved for free intellectual companionship, I re-

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Gandhi Fund

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Miss Eleanor B. Green	10.00
Miss Emily Stalp	3.00
May Wilcox Pignol	10.00
Total	$570.70

"Break the Law" Proclamation of Wets

Open defiance of the law, urged in the latest nationwide propaganda of the "wets," has resulted in the branding of this "Break the Law" proclamation as an act of treason and a demand for punishment for those responsible for this attempt to incite the American public to show their contempt for law and order.

The cause of this new conflict was an article written by Corey Ford, which later was used as a basis for national advertising. In this article he said:

"Personally I should like to call on every free-thinking American of my generation, and every American of the older generation who can think at all, to break this law; break it repeatedly; break it whenever he can. Drink what you please, when you please. Urge others to drink. Don't betray the bootleggers who are smuggling liquor for you. In every way possible flaunt your defiance of the eighteenth amendment. Render it inoperative. Ignore it, abrogate it, wipe it out. Whilst it stands there, let it be disobeyed."

As a challenge to what it characterizes as a national incitement to anarchy, the American Business Men's Prohibition Foundation, through its president, Charles R. Jones, asked for the sentiment of prominent men in every walk of life. Practically the consensus of opinion was that this attempt to urge American citizens to break the law was nothing short of treason.

Here are some of the statements sent to the Prohibition Foundation:

United States Senator Lynn J. Frazier, of North Dakota—"It is the most anarchistic declaration I have ever seen in print. Certainly no right-minded citizen can seriously approve the arguments in this article."

United States Senator C. C. Dill, of Washington—"I am not sure but what the placing of such an advertisement in a newspaper might be in violation of law as an act that abets and encourages the commission of crime, and for that reason I have referred it to the U. S. attorney general for his attention."

United States Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas—"The article by Corey Ford embodies a policy of thought and action which would mean the destruction of all that has been achieved for freedom and progress throughout the past, a policy leading to anarchy, barbarism and chaos."

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley—"Prompt and vigorous action should be taken against this, which is nothing less than a second 'Whisky Rebellion.' George Washington made short work of the first, and I hope that President Hoover will make equally short work of this one. A term of 15 or 20 years in jail and fines of $10,000 or $15,000 would be a proper answer to such treasonable utterances."

Robert Treat Paine, great-great-great-grandson of Robert Treat Paine, signor of the Declaration of Independence—"Such sentiments are calculated to impair American civic integrity. So brazen and despicable are they in their betrayal of the country's laws that even Scarface 'Al' Capone might well object to these Corey Fords being grouped as 'Caponsitas.'"

Congressman M. C. Garber, of Oklahoma—"Publication of such law breaking propaganda should be proceeded against in the United States District Court by injunction proceedings, and any United States District Attorney who fails to take action after such disloyal utterances have been called to his attention should be dismissed from the public service."

J. Stanley Durkee, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn—"Anyone who calls upon the public to flaunt or break the law is a traitor to the American government."

Willis J. Abbott, journalist—"It is a positive and unblushing advocacy of anarchism, as absolute an assault upon an established law as anything ever said by the anarchists who were hanged in Chicago nearly half a century ago."

Bishop William F. Anderson of the Methodist Episcopal Church—"I regard this article as seditious and traitorous."

Bishop James E. Freeman of Washington—"To advocate disobedience of the law is a grave offense, and such an attitude, if widely observed, would threaten the very security of government itself."

A Pathan's Patriotism

Dear Sir:

I am glad to see in the columns of the *United India* the manifesto issued over the signatures of the leading Moslems, which supports the political program as laid down by Mahatma Gandhi. The Mahatma is looked

---

ceive constant strength from watching your life. It is always difficult to express depth of feeling across the barriers which convention places between two persons; let me simply say that whenever I get into a sincere soul-to-soul conversation with anyone, and I am asked where I get my ideas, I reply humbly—and proudly:—"I am a disciple of John Haynes Holmes." It was a real joy to me to meet you personally last October in New York, the Sunday you preached on Wells; a year ago, October, it was, when I was in New York to speak for the Women's Peace Union.

HELEN B. ANTHONY.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

[The program of the Peace Service referred to by Mrs. Anthony was as follows:

The second Peace Heroes Memorial Service was held in Niagara Falls on Memorial Day. The exercises were presented on the steps of the City Hall, many groups participating to make the scene a colorful one.

The exercises began at 3:30 p. m., with a half-hour concert by the All-Junior High School Band. At four o'clock was held the beautiful symbolic service at which a wreath was dedicated and placed on the statue of "Power," which in a sense represents the industrial city of Niagara Falls. This wreath was placed in honor of those civil heroes who have given their lives to the important peace-time pursuits of giving birth to children, enforcing the law, protecting property, nursing the sick, building highways, turning the wheels of industry and other tasks incident to the social construction of this city.

"While the names of those who have died during the past year in the performance of the constructive work of peace will not be recited, it is the productive achievements of such as these that enter into the very warp and woof of our civilization and that will thus be commemorated," says the announcement by the sponsors of the service.

The full program was as follows:

Half-hour concert—All-Junior High School Band. H. N. Finch, director.

Honoring the flag—Girl and Boy Scouts. Miss Doris Warner and Lloyd V. Rand, directors. Bugler, Bernard Duignan.

Community singing—"America the Beautiful." Led by Central Junior Glee Club; music by All-Junior High School Band.

Invocation—Rev. David Henry Weeks.

Reading—"The Peaceful Brave," Mrs. Romaina Grigsby.

Address—"Peace Heroes," Rev. E. W. MacNair.

Hymn—"Say Not They Die," Central Junior Glee Club; Miss Jane E. Knapp, director.

Symbolic ceremonial honoring heroes of social construction—Edward Halloran Junior Court, C. D. A., assisting; Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, director.

"Taps"—Bugler, Bernard Duignan.

Benediction—Rabbi Isser Muskat.

A Correction

In editorial by J. E. McAfee, The Quest for Finality, UNITY of June 9th, the last sentence of the second paragraph from the bottom, second column, page 230, should read: "The new day obfuscates them and brings to disaster the characters and the communities whose ethics they have assumed to inform."

upon not only as a leader—but also a saint—rather a prophet—ordained by Providence to release India of Foreign yoke. Not only Hindus, but Moslems, Sikhs, and Parsees all alike revere him as being "the greatest living man" today; and feel honored in following his lead. Recent events have also proved that we Pathans from the Frontier Province, are in no way behind any other Province in India in the struggle now raging for the freedom of the country. And I feel so proud of it. I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully, M.

United India.

Women and Prohibition

On June 7th last, by an overwhelming vote, the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, meeting at Denver, Colorado, adopted a resolution reaffirming the organization's faith in Prohibition.

The resolution, as adopted, reads:

Whereas there are sinister influences seeking to undermine the efficacy of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and to render the laws for the enforcement thereof impotent; and,

Whereas, individuals and organizations favoring the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment are making strenuous efforts to destroy the faith of the people of the United States in prohibition and to promote the idea that prohibition is contrary to the principles of our government; therefore,

Be It Resolved, That the General Federation of Women's Clubs, through its delegate body, reaffirms its conviction that prohibition offers the best means for curbing the liquor traffic and its attendant crimes, and pledges its continued support to the Eighteenth Amendment and the rigid enforcement thereof.

The Independent Labor Party and India

The Independent Labor Party of England, at its recent Annual Conference, recognized the right of India to independence and demanded the release of political prisoners. This conference realized that the I. L. P. Parliamentary group, which consists of 140 members, does not properly represent the I. L. P., and gave instructions to the National Council of the Party to reconstruct it on the basis of acceptance of the policy of the party. This reconstruction is now being proceeded with. When it takes place, the nucleus of the I. L. P. Parliamentary Group will probably consist of the 21 members who have become known as the "Rebel" group in the House of Commons, because of their distinct action on many fundamental issues. This group stands definitely for the right of India to self-determination, including the right to claim independence, and for an amnesty for political offenders. When I speak in the House of Commons, it is on behalf of this group, and the group can be counted upon to maintain its wholehearted attitude of sympathy and solidarity with the Indian people in their struggle, whatever the political consequences may be.

[The "Rebel" group consists of: Messrs. Oliver Baldwin, J. Beckett, A. F. Brockway, W. J. Brown, G. Buchanan, W. G. Cove, R. Forgan, A. W. Haycock, F. Horrabin, F. W. Jowett, W. T. Kelly, J. Kinley, D. Kirkwood, J. Lee, F. Longden, J. J. MacShane, J. Maxton, E. Sandham, C. Stephen, R. C. Wallhead, and E. F. Wise.]

A. Fenner Brockway, in United India.

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